Walking Stars by phieillydinyia

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Summary: Lucas was about to start continuing down the street towards his proper destination, before he heard it. The house suddenly filled with the roaring bellows of a man with a deep voice, and the scream of a young girl... Lucas has never spoken to the red-haired girl up in the window, and she doesn't even know he exists. But all that changes one day in the worst way possible (one-shot)

Walking Stars

Lucas remembered the first day he saw her face.

Up on the second floor of the house, the rusted window illuminating her bright features, her eyes drawn down in concentration, eyelashes fluttering, as her finger eloquently traced the distinct patterns on the window glass. She didn't see him looking up at her from down on the pavement below, and by the time her green eyes finally glanced up, he was long gone.

The second time he saw her, she'd been outside as well. As Lucas sat slumped on a park bench, waiting for his sister to buy her stupid ice cream, he caught sight of the girl walking down the street, hands shoved deep inside the pockets of her baggy sweatshirt, face staring intently at her sneakers. Her long hair was concealing her face that time, but he knew it was *her*; Lucas knew no one else in the entire town who had such fiery, red hair as she did.

He'd never ever spoken to her, but Lucas already knew he liked this mysterious girl. But he was sure to never let her catch him watching. He didn't want her to think he was a *stalker* or something!

Lucas began to enjoy the days when his mom sent him down to the shop for food, because the journey conveniently crossed directly past her house. Each time he walked by, he'd look up at the same rusted window he'd first seen her in. Sometimes she was there, usually she wasn't.

On this one particular day, Lucas was heading down to the shops later than usual, as his mom had been in a rush to get to work. The

darkening sky was thick with clouds, the low rumbling of thunder occasionally breaking out. Rain pattered the ground around him, as Lucas once again stood facing the window.

He could see the room was dark, with the light switched off, no red-head girl in sight, but he still stayed standing in the street for a few more minutes, lips pressed together, as rain dripped off the hood of his blue raincoat. But the weather wasn't enough to dampen his mood, knowing the girl was in that house at this very moment; just a small part of his day which made him happier.

Lucas was about to start grudgingly continuing down the street towards his official destination, before he heard it.

The house suddenly filled with a crash of something fragile breaking, the roaring bellows of a man with a deep voice, and the scream of a young girl.

Lucas stopped in her tracks, and spun around, his heart in his throat. The rowdy rain drowned out most of the noise, but he could hear it all the same, loud and clear. More smashing and shouting followed, and Lucas was torn about what to do.

He stood paralysed with fear as the chaos gradually increased. It probably wasn't until he heard ear-splitting scream of "LEAVE ME ALONE!" before he got ahold of himself, reality setting in. *He had to help her!* Without a second thought, Lucas bolted in the direction of the house, shoes slamming into the damp gravel, puddles splashing around him.

He collided with the front door, relieved to discover it was unlocked, and burst into the house, racing down the unfamiliar corridor, exhilaration and adrenaline cascading through him. He followed the source of the terrifying noise, until he was met with the equally as terrifying sight.

The girl, her face one of sheer fear, was struggling with the larger man, his face purple with rage.

Lucas, acting on hectic instinct, grabbed a photo frame lying on the kitchen table. "GET OFF HER!" he hollered, throwing it at with as

much force as he could.

It distracted the man long enough to release his grip on the girl, leaving her to stagger backwards.

"Go, go, go!" Lucas grabbed the sleeve of her arm, dragging her with him back to the front door, which he'd fortunately left open. The man furiously reached out to grab them, but the two kids narrowly dodged away from his grasp, leaving him to shout after them in adamant anger as they raced through the cold, wet atmosphere of the miserable night.

The girl surprisingly didn't question wherever Lucas was taking her, fierce wind whipping at her red hair, breathing heavy as they ran. Lucas kept a firm grip on her sleeve, unwilling to let go as he automatically led her in the direction of his house. The rain was heavier now, and he was aware she had nothing but a thin fleece to protect her.

Neither of them stopped until they were inside the safety of his home, Lucas slamming the front door behind him, the sudden warmth a gratifying joy.

His sister was most likely in her bedroom, playing music at full blast, but Lucas didn't want to take any chances of being caught. "This way," he shot at the uncertain girl, taking her water-soaked hand and hastening up the stairs two at a time.

He didn't relax until they were in his bedroom, his dark hand letting go of hers, both panting from the extensive sprint they'd just made.

It was only then did he properly look at her face; he'd never seen it so close-up before. It had almost always been through a decayed, blurred-out window. Her eyes were absorbed on him, with a perplexed stare, a mixture of tears and rain staining her pale, freckled face. Lucas had never seen someone look more beautiful.

He suddenly realised how she might be feeling right now. He, a random stranger, had literally just ran into her house and basically kidnapped her! *You were saving her life*, he reasoned, reluctantly. But Lucas now had absolutely no idea what to say to her.

The girl nervously pulled her hands into her sleeves, breaking eye contact with him and studying the clean carpet below her. "T-Thanks," she stammered, quietly.

Lucas nodded, slowly. "Are you okay?" he asked, just as softly, knowing his answer wasn't going to be very reassuring.

She shrugged her shoulders in defeat, arms held around herself. It only occurred to Lucas in that moment what she looked like.

"H-Here, I'll get you a towel," he offered, hurrying over to his draws to pull one out. He wrapped it round her shoulders and guided her to sit on his Ghostbuster-printed bed, not caring that it would dampen the duvet.

She smiled gratefully at him, before her eyes travelled across his bedroom, examining the contents. She stared at his neat little action figures positioned in rows across his shelves, his carefully-ironed spotless shirts hung up inside his open closet, his bookcase stashed to the brim with thoroughly-read comics.

And maybe it was the rain water but there was suddenly a lot more water on her face. "I'm Lucas," he told her gently, trying to break the stiff silence.

The redhaired girl looked back at him, using the towel huddled around her to wipe off her excess tears. "I'm Max."